The match is made and all is done,
Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.
Tra. I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best.
We be affied and such assurance tane,
As shall with either parts agreement stand.
Bap. Not in my house *Lucentio* for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie seruants,
Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,
And happilie we may be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night
Weele passe the businesse priuately and well:
Send for your daughter by your seruant here,
My boy shall fetch the Scriuener presentlie,
The worst is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home and bid *Bianca* make her readie straight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios father is arriued in *Padua*,
And how she's like to be *Lucentios* wife.
Biond. I pray the Gods she may with all my heart.
Exit.
Tran. Dallie not with the Gods, but get thee gone.
Enter Peter.
Signior *Baptista* shall I leade the way,
Welcome one messe is like to be your cheere,
Come sir we will better it in *Pisa*.
Exeunt.
Bap. I follow you.
Enter Lucentio and Biondello.
Bion. Cambio.
Luc. What saist thou *Biondello.*
Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon you?
Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?
Biond. Faith nothing: but has left me here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee moralize them.
Biond. Then thus: *Baptista* is safe talking with the deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne.

Luc. And what of him?
Biond. His daughter is to be br
Luc. And then.
Bion. The old Priest at Saint
mand at all houres.
Luc. And what of all this.
Bion. I cannot tell, expect th
feit assurance: take you assurance o
mendum solem, to th' Church tak
sufficient honest witnesses:
If this bee not that you looke fo
But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer a
Luc. Hear'st thou *Biondello.*
Biond. I cannot tarrie: I kne
noone as she went to the Garden
so may you sir: and so adew sir,
goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid the Pri
come with your appendix.
Luc. I may and will, if she be
She will be pleasd, then wherefor
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly
It shall go hard if *Cambio* go wit

Enter Petruchio Kate.

Petr. Come on a Gods name,
Good Lord how bright and goo
Kate. The Moone, the Sunne
Pet. I say it is the Moone tha
Kate. I know it is the Sunne
Pet. Now by my mothers so
It shall be moone, or starre, or wh
Or erel iourney to your Fathers
Goe on, and fetch our horses bac
Euer more crost and crost, nothi
Hort. Say as he saies, or we s
Kate. Forward I pray, since
And be it moone, or Sunne, or
And if you please to call it a rus
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so